VOLUME XXIV.—NUMBER 36.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1881.

Choice Loctry.

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

Sings the blackened log a tune, Learned in some forgotton June, From a actual-boy at his play. When they both were young together, Heart of youth and Summer weather Making all their boilday.

And the night-wind rising, bark! Here above there, in the dark. In the midnight and the snow, Ever white, hereer, grander, Like the trunget of iskunder, All the noisy claimage blow!

Every quivering tongue of finme Scenas to murante some great name. Scenas to murante some great name. Scenas frage to no. "A spite." But the night wind answers. "Hollow Are the visions that your fide." Tate darkness sinks your fire." Then the flicker of the blaze Then the flicker of the blaze Theorie on volumes of slid days, Gleams on volumes of out days, Written by masters of the art, Loud through whose majestic pages Rolls the useledy of ages, Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame Start exulting, and exclain— "These are prophets, hards, and seers; In the horoscope of nations, Like accordant constellations, They control the coming years."

But the night wind rries: "Despair! These who walk with feet of air, Leave no long-childring marks; At God's forges incondescent Mighty hammers lead increasent, These are but the flying sparks.

Dust are all the hands that wrenght leaks are sepulcities of thought; The dead lacrels of the dead limitle for a moment only. Like the with-red leaves in lonely. Church yards at some passing trend."

Suddenly the fiame sinks down; Sink the runsers of renewn;
And alone the night wind drear
Clamors loader, wilder, vaguer—
"The the brand of the Melenger
Dying on the hearth stone here!"

And I answer: "Though it be, Why should that discomfort me! No endeavor is in vain; Its reward is in the doing. And the rapture of pursuing. Is the prize the vanquished gain."

examined, were found to be goed, but neverther the examined, were found to be goed, but neverther the propose of a children of the copies—from a better copies—from a third and an altar from a fourth, and one after auther they were cast aside as imperfect and useless, until the draughtsman, more than half crazy, felt inclined to end his troubles and perplexities by a plunge into the Rhine. In this mood of more than half despair, he wanniered down to the river's edge, and seating himself upon a stone, began to draw in the sand with a measuring rod, which served as a walking stick, the outlines of various parts of church. Ground plans, towers, finials, brackets, windows, columns, appeared one after another, were erased as unequal and insufficient for the purpose, and unworthy to form a part of the design for a Catherina of Cologne, Turning around, the architect was aware that another person was beside him, and with san part of the design for a Catherina of Cologne, Turning around, the architect was aware that another person was beside him, and with san part of the design for a Catherina of Cologne, Turning around, the architect was aware that another person was beside him, and with san part of the design for a Catherina of Cologne, Turning around, the architect was aware that another person was beside him, and with san part of the Mess High. The windows were enriched by tracery, such as artist never had before conceived, and the lofty columns reared hier tall length towards a roof which seemed to claim kindred with the clonds, and to equal the firmament in expanse and beauty. But each line of this long sistes and lofty columns reared heir tall length towards a roof which seemed to claim kindred with the clonds, and to equal the firmament in expanse and beauty. But each line of this long sought fair or many the propose, and the lofty columns reared heir tall length towards a roof which seemed to claim kindred with the clonds, and to equal the firmament in expanse and beauty. But each line of this long sistes and lo

"To mass, for a soul in purgatory," was the reply.

"Oh, horror! horror! no mass will avail me. To everlasting torments shall I be doomed!" And, hurrying to his room, he cast himself down in tears of remore, irresolution and despair. In this state his old housekeeper discovered him, on her return from her holy errand; and her soul being full of charity and kindly religion, she begged to know what had caused such grief, and spoke of patience and suffering and parlou by repentance. Her words fell upon the disordered ear of the architect with heavenly comfort, and he told her what had passed.

"Merey me!," was her exclamation. "Tempted by the fiend himself! so strongly, too!" and so saying, she left the chamber without another word, and hurried off to her confessor.

Now, the confessor of Dame Elfrida was the friend of the Abbot, and the Abbot was the constant counselor of the Archbishop, and so soon as the housekeeper moke of the wonderful plan.

friend of the Abbot, and the Abbot was the con-stant counselor of the Archbishop, and so soon as the housekeeper spoke of the wonderful plan, he told her he would soon see her master, and went at once to his superior. That dignitary immediately pictured to himself the host of pri-grims that would seek a cathedral built with skill from such wonderful sketches, and (hoping himself one day to be Archbishop) he hurried off to the bewildered architect. He found him still in best, and listened with surprise to the glowing account of the Demon's plan.

"And would it be equal to all this !"

"It would," to equal to all this r "Could you build it r "I could," "Would not pilgrims come to worship in such cathedral!

of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. "Agree to the

of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. "Agree to the terms for the design you have so long desired, and when you have got it, and the Evil One presents the parchment for your signature, show this sacred bene."

After long pondering, the priest's advice was taken, and in the gloom of night, the architect was seen tremblingly hurrying to the place of meeting. True to histime, the Fiend was there, and with a smile, complimented the artist on his punctuality. Drawing from his doublet two parchments, he opened one, on which he traced the outlines of the cathedral, and then another written in some mysterious character, and having a yellow brimstony space left for a signature. "Let me examine what I am to pay so dearly

"Most certainly," said the demon, with a smile and a bow, that would have done honor to

"Most certainly," and the demon, with a smile and a bow, that would have done honor to the court of the Emperor.

Pressing it with one hand to his breast, the architect with the other held up the holy thumb bone, and exclaimed, "Avanut, fiend." In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Virgins of Cologue, I bid thee, Satan, at defiance." and he described the sign of the cases directly against the devil's face.

In an instant the smile and the graceful civility were gone. With a hideous grin he approsched the sacred miracles as though he would have strangled the possessor; and, yelling with a sound that woke half the sleepers in Cologue, he skipped round and round the artist. Still, however, the plan was held tightly with one hand, and the relic held forward like a soldier's rapier with the other. As the Fiend turned, so turned the architect, until, bethinking himself that another prayer would help him, he called loudly on St. Ursula. The Demon could stand the fight no longer; the chief of the Eleven Thousand Virgins was too much for him.

"None but a confessor could have told you have to cheat me," he shireked, in the most cynical voice; "but I will be revenged. You have a more wonderful and perfect design than ever entered the brain of man. You want fame—the priest wants a church and pliggins. Listen!

a more wonderful and perfect design than ever entered the brain of man. You want finne—the priest wants a church and pdigriess. Listen! That cathedral shall never be finished, and your name shall be forgotten!"

As the dreadful words broke upon his ear, the cloak of the tempter stretched out into huge, black wings, which were flapped over the spot like two dark thunder clouds, and with such violence that the winds were raised from their slumber, and a storm rose upon the waters of the Rhine. Hurrying homeward, the relic placed at arm's length over his head, he reached the Abbot's house in safety. But the ominous sentence still rang in his ears: "Unfinished and unknown."

Not necessary in the doing.
And the rapture of pursuing.
The reward is in the doing.
And the rapture of pursuing.
The pitch of the pitch the vanquished gala.

Select Story.

THE DEMON ARCHITECT.

In connection with the recent great opening ceremonical at Cologue Cathedral, the following legend, as suggesting its plan, will be found of interest:

Mighty was the Archbishop Conrad de Hochsteden, for he was bord over the chief city of the Rhine, the city of Cologue; but his thoughts were troubled and his heart was heavy, for though his churches were rich beyond compare in relies, yet other towns not half so large or powerful as his had cathedrals, whose fame extended over Europe, and whise beauty brought to this city the only thing wanting to complete the plan for the Cathedral of Cologue. After make the to this city the only thing wanting to complete the plan for the Cathedral of Cologue.

Now, the architect was a clever man, but he was more vain than clever. He had a dreamy notion of magnificence, which he desired it, and sending for the most famous architect of the time, he commissioned him to complete the plan for the Cathedral of Cologue.

Now, the architect was a clever man, but he was more vain than clever. He had a dreamy notion of glory, when he took out his caryous to acketch out the design, he was thrown into the desired that aminisent hotels in this city, and deepest despondency. He drew and drew, and again, but still did not succeed. Not a plan could be complete. Some were too mean, but their points of excellence were discovered to mission of the complete. Some were too mean, but their points of excellence were discovered to mission of the complete. Some were too mean, but the continues of the complete. Some were too mean, but the continues of the most prominent hotels in this city, has been an individual who were, when mean deepest despondency. He drew und drew, and again, but still did not succeed. Not a plan could be complete. Some were too mean, but not country to the extravagant, and others, when

the elegant, cultured, accomplished man of the world. A fierce blonde mustache does not de-tract from the gentleness of a refined face; his

stranger, he plucked a dagger from his girdle, and held its point close to the breast of the mysterious draughtsman in the attitude to strike. In a moment his wrists were painoned as with the grasp of a vise, and squeezed until he dropped his weapon, and shrieked with agony. Falling on the sands, he writhed like an eel upon the fisherman's hook, and plunged and streggled in vain. When nearly fainting, he found himself thrown helpless upon the very brink of the stream.

"There, revive and be reasonable. Learn that gold and steel have no power over me. You want my cathedral, for it would bring you houser, fame and profit, and you can have it if you what my cathedral, for it would bring you house,"

"How? Tell me how."

"How? Tell me how."

"How signing this parchment with your blood."

"Avanut, fiend?" shrieked the architect. "In the name of the Savior I bid thee begone."

Attaches of the holy symbol. He made time, however, to mutter, "You'll come for the plan at midnight to mourrow."

want my cathedral, see or, fame and profit, and you can have it it you choose."

"How?! Tell me how."

"By signing this parchment with your blood."

"Avanut, fond?" shricked the architect. "In the name of the Savior I bid thee begone." And so saying, he made the sign of the cross, and the Evil one (for it was he) was forced to vanish before the holy symbol. He made time, however, to mutter, "You'll come for the plan at midnight to-merrow."

The artist staggered home, half dead with contending passions, and muttering, "Sell my sonl," "to-morrow at midnight," "honer and fame," and other words, which told the inward struggle going ferward in his soul. When he reached his lodgings, he met the only servant he had, going out wrapped in her cleak.

"And where are you going so late?" asked her surprised master.

"To mass, for a soul in purgatory," was the reply.

"Oh, horror! horror! no mass will avail me." "Oh, horror! horror! no mass will avail me." "It Cholera Coming?"

Kentucky is blessed with a Governor who, in the profitable and successful pursuit.

Is Cholera Coming?

Kentucky is blessed with a Governor who, in addition to the profitable and successful pursuit of politics, follows also the old and useful profession of medicine. This distinguished statesman and physician who, a western journal assures us, is an authority upon fever and cholera epidemics, makes the startling prediction that a visitation of the dread disease is an exceedingly probable event, at least in the West, in the very near future. The Governor's theory is this: In the course of a long experience, he has always observed that a cholera epidemic follows upon the heels of an influenza epidemic, and as we have just had the latter, the other may be expected to come along on time. Dr.-Governor Blackburn is not, however, without a certain and sure specific which, he asserts, will cure the worst case of Kentacky cholera that was ever known. It is an exceedingly simple one—namely, that we all drink cistern water. Considering that water of any kind is almost unknown as a beverage in Kentucky, it is to be feared that the Benceratic majority in that State is in grave peril, if its salvation depends upon cisterns. While it may not be entirely wise or prudent to write Mr. Blackburn down on that list of prophets at the head of which stands Mother Shipton, it is not altogether certain that the Kentucky statesman does not enjoy the reputation of heing a great Governor among the doctors, and a great doctor among the Governors.—New Fork Heruld.

cathedral "By thousands."
"By thousands."
"Listen, my son! Go at midnight to the apointed spot; take this relie with you," and so aying, the Abbot gave him a holy morsel of one

Miscellaneous.

WIND AND SEA BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The sea is a jovial comrade,

He laughs wherever he goes;
His necriment shines in the dimpling lines.
That wrinkle his hale repose.
He lays him down at the feet of the son,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-back of billows fall full on the shore,
In the midst of the mighty Sea!

But the wind is sad and restless.
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He waits on the burren mountains,
And shricks on the wintry sea!
He soles in the cedars, and means in the pines,
And shodders over the aspen tree!

Welcome are both their voices, And I know not which is best— The lampher that slips from the sceam's lips, Or the conflictions wind's unrest. There is a paint to all rejoicing. A joy in the breast of pain, And the wind that sanderns, the sea that gholdens, Are singing the self-same strain.

THE SPANGLED HEAVENS.

Nonething to Look up to in February.

Venus is the evening star, and casily wins the place of honor in the planetary presentation that graces the February sky. Almost as soon as the day is dose, and before the twiling flow has faded, the fairest of the stars peers from her hiding place, and draws forth from every beholder a spontaneous trioute of admiration for her increasing splendor, her soft, pensive beauty, and the regal grace with which she wields the sceptre of the stars. Two important epochs in her course occur this month. On the 20th, she arrives at her greatest castern clongation, or most distant point from the sun. It will be remembered that the interior planets, Venus and Mercury, as seen from the Earth, seem to oscillate in straight lines, alternately, cast and west of the sun. On the 13th of last July, Venus was in superior conjunction, being then at her greatest distance from the Earth, and rising and setting with the sun, but too near him to be visible. She then passed to his eastern side, and became the evening star. She was far enough away to be seen, in the western twilight, in September, and ever since has been receding from the sun, on the reastern track, increasing all the time in size and brilliancy. On the 20th, she reaches the end of her invisible chain, and completes one-half her course as evening star. After the process occupying nearly ten mouths. Then, passing to the western side of the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse of the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the sun, sand rained because the course as evening star is the process occupying nearly ten mouths. Then, passing to the western side of the sun, she repeats the same course, in reverse to the cou Something to Look up to in February.

Uranus is morning star, and is fast drawing near his opposition with the sun, when bright eyes may discern his presence, without the aid of a telescope. He rises now at 8 o'clock in the evening; at the end of the month, at 6 o'clock.

The February moon fulls on the 15th, having commenced her course on the 28th of January. She threads her way importially among the clustering members of the solar family.

Two prominent themes for study present themselves, during the month of February. Jupiter still exhibits his great red spot, and his smaller black ones; the sun still gives evidence of commotion, in spots and tongues of flame; and Uranus, Satura, and Neptune are specifing toward perihelia. In connection with the present condition of the system, meteorological phenomena can not be too closely studied, and in the province of observation the whole world may become astronomers, and help to pile up the array of facts on which the brilliant future of astronomy will be based.

The second theme is more poetical than practical, and consists in simply watching the movements of the planetary trio, Venus, Jupiter, and Satura. Venus will reach the end of her chain, can go no further from the sun, and will commence the backward track. She will also meet and pass Jupiter, and slowly approach each other. Each planet of the tro will play a part in the chaining picture that every night will be unrelied to lovers of the stars. Each planet will illustrate in shining letters, the symmetry and simplicity of the laws that bind together the members of the solar family, and rule in heaven by the sum of the first state of the solar family, and rule in heaven ly harmony the realms of infinite space. —Provisit the color of solar family, and rule in heaven ly harmony the realms of infinite space. —Provisite of solar family, and rule in heaven ly harmony the realms of infinite space. —Provisite of solar family, and rule in heaven ly harmony the realms of infinite space. —Provisite of solar family, and rule in heaven ly harmony the realms of i

and simple of the sun, she reports the same course, in reversed the same for the sun, she reports the same course, in reversed to the sun process of the surface of the sur

the day comes down in history and tradition as got brings shown of his brightest rays, as he trace the cartibly domains, is second only to at the end of the mouth, about a quarter before in ociock.

Jupide is evening star, and, if he can not careful the contributes to the annals of the mouth extration of continued elements of the contributes to the annals of the mouth extration of the continued elements of the contributes to the annals of the mouth extration of the continued elements of the contributes to the annals of the mouth extration of the continued elements of the contributes to the annals of the mouth extration of the contributes to the annals of the contributes to the annals of the continued elements of the contributes to the annals of the contributes to the annals of the contributes to the annals of the contributes to the same personally strengthen the disease of the contributes in a limit of the contributes of the contributes in a minute, for the influence continued to the contributes the contributes of the contributes the contributes of the contribu

just touch the little star; this is called an appulse, from a Latin word that means "striking againt." Observers who have access to telescopes will enjoy a rare phenomenon in watcher surposes. Jupiter sets now at half-past 10 o'clock; at the end of the mouth, a little after the company of t

SUBLIMELY ELOQUENT.

Labor is life! Tis the still water faileth; Iddeness ever despaireth, be walieth; Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth! Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon. Labor is glopy '—the flying clood lightness; Only the waving wing clunges and brightens; Idde boorts only the dark future frightness; Play the sweet keys, would st thou keep them in tune.

Labor is health? Le: the husbundman, requing.
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;
If the current leaping is the current leaping;
If the current leaping is the current leaping,
the current leaping is the current leaping.
Labor is wealth—in the swift sickle griders.
Eich the Queen's robe from the trail cosoon floweth;
From the fine acount he strong flower bloweth;
Temple and status the marble block hides.

Drose not, though shame, sin and anguish are round to gravely thing off the cold chain that has been dissect Lock to you pure Heavier smilling he yould thee: Lock to you pure Heavier smilling he yould thee: Rest not content in thy darkness—a clos! Work—for some good be if ever so slowly! Chrish seems flower, he if ever so lowly; Labor!—all labor is noble and hody; Labor!—all labor is noble and hody; Let thy great deeds be thy prayers to the God!

AN AMERICAN ROBBER

The Exploits of the Rob Roy of this Great Country-Story of the Plot to Abduct Presi-dent Madison-Is it Bomnnee, or is it the Truth! If America were a land of song and story i

If America were a land of song and story instead of being the prosain-country that she is,
the exploits of Joseph Thompson Hare would
long ago have been woven into romance, for
they at least equal the daring deeds of Rob Roy,
Robin Hood, Diek Turpin, and the meet famous
highwaymen of England. In his dying confession Hare said: "I have robbed on a larger scale,
and have been more successful than any other
robber in Europe or America, that I have ever
heard of."

He stole about \$100,000, his territory covering
Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Pennsyivania, Virginia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New
York, New Jersey, Canada, and the Spanish
Provinces. He was

A Highway Robler For Fourteen Years,

his hand at the old time practices, and with his former success, relieving a gentleman travelling in the then dangerons wilds between New York and Boston, of \$14,000 in English guiness.

Then he made a dash for the metropolis, and boldly robbed the Governor of the State of New York, of a costly pair of carriage horses. Next he turned up in the capital, but here he was caught attempting to sell a horse to a man from whom he had stolen it. He was thrown into jail, and remained there several months. A second, piece of clemency was shown him. He was released on the condition of his joining the army. Here he concocted

A BHILLIANT SCHEME against his country. It was to deliver President Madison to Admiral Cockburn, whose fleet was then in Pataxent, and it is said he would have succeeded if he could have communicated his scheme to the admiral. Finding no chance in the army for genius such as his, he hired a horse and gig in Georgetown, deserted and sold them. This robber secused to be abiquitous. Next we hear of him in Chester County, where he was holmobbling with some Germans in a tavern. He was the richer and they the poorer by \$1,000. His next exploit was at Lancaster, Pa.

He always went for drovers. The victim on this occasion was a drover, and \$1,800 quickly

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The newspaper correspondents now writing in Topeka, reporting Legislative proceedings, have organized a club bearing the modest yet significant title of "Trans-Continents I Consolidated Inter-State Biennial Association." The President of this imposing organization is Noble L. Prentis, the Bean Brummel of the Western press. His inaugural address was stately and dignified, Frents, the lean frammel of the western press. His inaugural address was stately and dignifed, and reflected the profound wisdom and learning of the distinguished author. The effort was so sublime, that we here reproduce it for the grati-fication and edification of our readers:

cutlemen of the Inter-State Press Club:

Geatlemes of the Inter-State Press Clab:

The election of the deeply humble, indeed, abject being, who stands before you, was a surprise. He never had an honor conferred on him before, and shared the public disbelief that this crowd could honor anybody.

I suppose, gentlemen, that you know what you are here for. If not, you are fortunate in having a speaker who knows it all. I learned it in another legislative body, of which I had the honor to be a member for several years.

I notice that some ill-advised steps have been taken towards framing a constitution and bylinws. Such a proceeding on the part of a class of gentlemen who have all but mined their own constitutions, is an absyndity. And as to making by-laws, or any other laws, are thy servants dogs, that they should do these things? This is not the Legislature. Respect yourselves, gentlemen.

Speaking, thaugh reluctably of the missmid-

His next exploit was at Laurenster. Pa.

His act exploit was at far drovers. The victim on this occasion was a drover, and \$1.800 quickly changed hands. He kept on filching small smass and plundering large once until he turned up at Princeton, N. S. Here he most skillfully robbed a merchant of \$20,000. He was arrested, tried at Summerville court house, and sentenced to the State's prison for five years. After serving two years he was again liberated for good conduct. The seventeenth and Last enound to the seventeenth and the United States mail coach of \$10,000, near Havre de Grace. It was the intention of himself and his partner, John Alexander, to have robbed both the Northern and Southern mails, which passed the spot where the robbery was committed within an hour of each other, but one of the men took away the ropes designed to the the driver and passengers, so they were foreed to let one mail pass unmoisted. John Alexander and Hare were caught and hanged in Baltimore for this last robbery.

Hare always acted as principal in the robberies in which he was engaged. Romantic stories are told of his generous, even noble conduct, on some occasions. He was of herculean strength, unsurpased courage, and in every respect, even to a handsome person, he was the counterpart of the most dashing highwayman or famous brigand of history.

He wrote a full confession of his crimes while under sentence of death, which showed no mean collection. While rather vaunting his grand robberies, he says proudly:

"Thave the consolation of reflecting that I have never killed or wounded any man, and that no man's blood is upon my head.—New Fock Dispatch.

Terrible Snow Drifts in Virginia.

A letter from Middleburg, Loudon County,

A FEW BRIEF YEARS.

BY SUGH P. M'DERMOTT. A few brief years, and I shall lie Beneath you calm and peaceful sky. Whose becast is bright with notes and bars And isoughing music of the stars; Whose boson, spread from pole to pole. In silence will my garve conside.

With straightened limbs my shape will rest My bead against my coffin prosect; And hour by hour, and day by day, My wasted bunes will pass away.

This hand that writes will then be cold. And shrunk and exten with the medid Of time and death and dark decay, Till joint by joint returns to clay.

The dread, the fear, the torment acre, Will read my heart-attings never more. Nor human wies, nor worldly strife, To barely win the bread of life. Will be et, within my narrow hed, Disturb or wake my wearied head.

A thousand years will pass me by. Without a change in land or sky. No Winter's snew, nor Summer's heat, Will s'er distorts my winding sheet.

less of the properties of the

Is now to the Inventions Recounty Indice in the Progressive World.

Some of the Inventions Recounty Indice in the Progressive World.

Grimaldi—not the close, but an Italian seven the control of the con

With a Railroad Engineer in Daketa.

"Does the pump freeze often f" I asked.
"It has got the best of me two or three times this winter," was the reply. "I don't intend it shall freeze again, if I can help it."

Wood was piled into the furnaces continually, and the fire roured in its most lively manner, and the the influence of a splendid draft, but the big blaze did not warm the interior of the cab in any very material degree, and my overcont, heavy woolens and overshoes were not in the least burdensome. When the locomotive slack call in from the rear, I wanted to pull my fur cap over my ears and pull on my mittens. I imagined I was pretty well clad for Upper Minnesota and Dakota wenther, until the engineer benign by condescended to show me what he had on. The list of clothing that made up his attire, in the order worn, as near as I can remember, fig.

In 1574, Mr. De Peyster heard that a very out man, who had died that year, in Maryweilla, and he had disappeared fifty years previously, leaving themperson that he had committed salicide. Detective Finkerton, on going to Ohio, termed that the dead man war not one of the nominees. In 1876, the nominees who were living were as follows:

**Sometim Ray Mer and Dake of Botto Organatistarobadic Maria Bayard.

**Sometim Ray Mer and Dake of Botto Organatistarobadic Maria Bayard.

**Merato Gates Sievens of the Committed Sievens of the Milian Bayard.

**About 16 years chant.

**Bott 16 years of the cab in and the cold in 1726, the organatistarobadic merchant.

**Bott Botto Organatistarobadic Maria Bayard.

**About 16 years chant.

**Bott 16 years of the number, 1821, the first of the number of the number of the strength of the number of t

HISTORIC PROPERTY SOLD.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

The End of a Co-operative Scheme of the Last Century-The Famous Toutine Coffee House that was Built by New Yorkers at the Cor-ner of Wall and Water Streets, in the Year 1792.

The Tontine Building, on the north-west corner of Wall and Water Streets, was sold by public anection, yesterday noon, in the Exchange Salesroom, Trinity Building, under an order from the Supreme Court, in a partition suit began some years ago. The history of the propecty dates from 199. At that time, the merchants of the city principally met in a frame building in Broad street, below Pearl street, to transact-business. The piace appears to have been a sort of exchange and clearing house for financial and commercial transactions. It became too smal, and was supplanted by a building at Wall and Water streets, which got the name of the Toutine Coffee House. Ownership in the property was arranged after the plan introduced by Lorenzo Touti in Italy, about the middle of the seventeenth century.